THE LIFE, LETTERS, AND LITERARY REMAINS OF EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON. By his son, THE EARL OF LYTTON (Owen Meredith). I. Autobiography. 4to, paper, pp. 80. Halper & Brothers. The late Lord Lytton left a large mass of unput lished manuscripts to his son, with a letter indicating his wishes in respect to them. There were several complete plays, a number of more or less fragmentary sketches, many unfinished novels essays and poems, the first volume of a History of Athens, and-most interesting probably of all-an autobiography coming down to the year 1825. This was not to be published unless his son saw fit to write the rest of the story. The present Earl has decided, in deference to his father's known desires, to accept that task, and the Autobiography, supplemented by illustrative extracts from the miscellaneous literary remains, now appears as the first instalment of the pious work.

The interest of the Autobiography is quite as much literary as personal. It is supposed to have been written between 1852 and 1855, that is in the period of Bulwer's best prose, of which "The Caxtons" and "My Novel" are the most conspicuous examples; and it is a remarkably elegant and brill iant piece of work, executed with fastidious care and a sharp eye for effect. It is, indeed, such a striking specimen of narrative composition that we sometimes find it hard to realize that it is true. We are in the company of a young gentleman of the Pelham type, sauntering through fashionable society, making love with great frequency and fervor, and meditating poetry in which the personification of qualities is carefully indicated by capital initial letters. But there is no reason to doubt that in the main the story is accurate and frank. It was not easy to take Bulwer quite seriously in the first part of his career; yet there is evidence from his correspondence that in some of the very passages of his Autobiography which seem most imaginative he was really most sincere. The affectations which Yellowplush ridiculed so tremendously, covered a great deal of strong though perhaps not very noble emotion. Fortunately the Autobiography is confined to that youthful time when the feelings are purest, and it was written at an age when the author had outgrown some of his frivolities. It contains little therefore of the "Bullwig," at whom the world has been laughing for nearly half a century. Fraser's Magazine says the autobiographer, "under the auspices of Dr. Maginn and Mr. Thackeray, long continued to assail me, not in any form that can fairly be called criticism, but with a kind of ribald impertinence offered, so far as I can remember, to no other writer of my time," It is quite true, as Bulwer complains, that the lampoon was directed against the author as well as his works; but he was an author who at that time put so many of his personal foibles into his work that the "ribald impertinence" was not undeserved. The Earl of Lytton states the case in another way when he states that " no man ever wrote more directly out of his own heart," and that "the most interesting and instructive realties" of his father's life "were interwoven with his work as an imaginative author." The Autobiography closes just before the beginning of his literary career; but it shows the influences which governed his first essays in authorship, and to some extent it undoubtedly reveals and explains the Bulwer of the fashionable novel. He did not know the date of his birth When

questioned about it, he used to reply, "It is a Cretan mystery"; and in the Autobiography he says, "If some curious impertinents are anxious to know in what year of our Lord that event took place, let them find out for themselves." His son has found out by an examination of parish registers, and the year is now known to be 1803, which is a little earlier than Bulwer supposed. As a matter of course he begins his story with some pages of family history; for he was vain of his ancestry, as well as of the small hands and feet which he regarded as a transmitted indication of good blood; but these genealogical passages are too entertaining to be thought superfluous. His grandfather Bulwer was a handsome and well educated country gentleman, with the polished manners of the old school, an active magistrate and a hospitable bon vivant. His two daughters are said to have been pupils of Eugene Aram, then a schoolmaster at Lynn. Of his four sons, Austin and Edward went into the Church, William and John into the Army.

William and John into the Army.

John was remarkable for beauty, for good-nature, and for his attachment to the bottle. He is said to have captivated the Duchess of Rutland during the famous Irish viceroyalty of the convivial duke; but he made some sad misalliance, and he died young. Austin and Edward I saw; the first in knee-breeches and shovel hat. He was tall and stately, with an and shovel hat. He was tan and stately, with an aquiline countenance of great majesty, and long, flowing hair. When abroad in the shovel hat, he looked every inch a dignitary of the Church. At home, by the ingle nook, with his iron-gray locks, grand features and gaunt, warrior-like frame, he realized my ideal of a Viking. Edward was a smart, short, lively man: with manners less provincial than Austin's, and a nerry laugh. No two brothers could be more unlike in appearance; but they agreed, at least, in eccentricity of character and pride of temper.

could be more unlike in appearance; but they agreed, at least, in eccentricity of character and pride of temper.

My father, William Earle Bulwer, was the eldest of these sons. He was educated at North Walsham Grammar School, and went up to the family college, Pembroke Hall, as a Fellow Commoner. When I was at Cambridge, an old barber named Wagstaffe asserted that he remembered him well as a gay, wild young gentleman, little given to Minerva; to Bacchus and to Venus much. It was more astonishing to hear that at Cambridge he was almost intimate with the great William Pitt; for, except that they were, both, of imperious character, and perhaps at that time may have had political notions in common, there was little enough between them to warrant the association of the sober a discholarly son of Chatham with the wild and they heir of the Norfolk Justice. But, as friendship is often produced by similar circunstances as well as by congenial pursuits, so the secret of their intimacy (if in truth it existed) may possibly be found in the fact that they were Fellow Commoners were few), and under the same utor, Dr. Pretyman; to whom they were both warmly attached.

My father, on leaving college, entered the Army, and rose with some rapidity to the rank of Colonel. If attached to the fair sex, he was not less attached to his personal liberty. Though a very ambitious man, he could not be induced to a match that would indeed have tempted ambition, uncounteracted by other interests or passions. The Earl of — had two daughters, co-heiresses to princely fortunes; and, taking a liking to the rising young soldier, frankly offered him the hand and portion of one of these young ladies. My father, who had much of the bluntness of a Norfolk man, refused point blank; nor did he ever in his later and wiser days give a better reason for this hand and portion of one of these young ladies. My father, who had much of the bluntness of a Norfolk man, refused point blank; nor did he ever in his later and wiser days give a better reason for thi

After the death of his mistress, Colonel Bulwer proposed to Miss Lytton, and with some demur was accepted. He was an imperious, exacting and inty gentleman, and the marriage was not happy. Edward, the third son, was the object of his mother's especial tenderness and of his father's aversion. When the boy was four years of age, the peppery soldier (he was a General by this time) died suddenly of gout:

suddenly of gout:

My mother telling him, on the day of his death, that the doctor had ordered William to take wine, he said, half jestingly, half peevishly, "that he hoped the doctor had not recommended his own favorite old Madeira, for the bin was low, and would not last two or three years longer." Thus saying, he turned to the wall, and asked for some tea. My mother went to prepare it, and when she returned he was in a gentle sleep. She stole from the room softly, not to disturb him. But from that sleep he never woke; within an hour from the time she left him he was no more. His favorite little spaniel, who sat on his pillow, would not quit his remains, and when they were placed out of sight in the coffin, it crept under the pall and died.

Domestic unhappiness was a transmitted char-

Domestic unhappiness was a transmitted characteristic in the family, as well as small bands and feet. The novelist's maternal grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lytton, lived apart, and the present Lord Lytton remarks in a note that " matrimonial felicity seems to have been a blessing unfamiliar to the Lyttons in all generations." Richard Warburton Lytton, Bulwer's grandfather, was a learned and eccentric scholar, some of whose peculiarities were commemorated in Austin Caxton. He is delineated in the Autobiography with delightful vivacity and humor; and the life of the unfortunate daughter Elizabeth, the only fruit of his miserable marriage, of true oratory he ever heard, except, perhaps, one dividing her time between her mother's fashionable open-air address by O'Connell. "I remember well house in London and the bockworm's dull estab- walking with Macaulay, Praed, Ord and some others

lishment in the country, is dwelt upon with the lingering affection which an author feels for a good subject. After some years Mr. Lytton resolved to take possession of the old family seat at Knehworth,

and made overtures of reconciliation:

My grandmother was so essentially a London woman that to her the dignified gloom of an old manorial pile, far from the charms of quadrille and casino, probably presented anything but allurement. She was also a woman of that high spirit which fully enjoys the blessings of liberty and independence. She drove, with her own fair hands (I mention this as emblematic of her whole character, a tall phaeton and pair; and in this equipage transported herself, as she listed, from London to Bath, and from Bath to London. So great was her confidence in herself that one dark evening, having to return from some excursion across Honnslow Heath—at that time infested by highwaymen—she laughed to seorn the warnings she received on the road and the terrors of her two men-servants, and in the very centre of the heath was stopped by three foot-pads. She held one a moment in parley, and threw him off his gnard, flicked the other in the eye, drove gallantly over the third, and arrived in London with spirits sufficiently composed to dress for a party, and relate her adventure, in illustration of the truth that a woman with her wits about her, and the whip-hand disengaged, is a match for three men any day in the year.

My grandmother still paturally desired to keep and made overtures of reconciliation:

day in the year.

My grandmother still naturally desired to keep the whip-hand disengaged.

The negotiations for rennion were carried on with ceremonious politeness, but they came to nothing: and so, when Elizabeth went to Knebworth on a periodical visit to her father, she found herself alone in the vast and ancient house, whose long gallery was hung with faded portraits, whose chambers bristled with gloomy arras, and terrified the young imagination with trap-doors and hidingplaces. The aspect and associations of the place powerfully a .. ected the mind of the girl and influenced in later years the romantic tendencies of the novelist, who knew it in his childhood and made the restoration of its fallen fortunes a dream of his life, He was devotedly fond of his mother, and it is not unnatural, therefore, that he should have cared for the Lyttons much more than for the Bulwers. One of the faded portraits in the gallery represented a lady with a snuff-box, who must have had a spirit ike that of her descendant, the author's grandmother. When Charles Edward crossed the border the husband of this sensible dame, buckled on his

sword to join th Pretender:

His wife, finding that all her remonstrances were in vain, pretended to yield, and accompanied her husband to the stables on pretence of seeing him depart; but no sooner had he entered, in order to see, himself, to his horse—for the peasants of that neighborhood were not to be trusted like the old Welshmen of Guersylt—than the prudent hady turned the key in the door, and fairly locked him in. There, to his moonecivable rage, was the impatient Jacobite imprisemed for two days—food and wine silently lowered to him from the loft—till news came of the retreat of the Stuart from Derby, and the final destruction of all reasonable hope for his cause. The prisoner was then released; and if he did not thank his wife for preserving, perhaps, his head, and certainly his property, the debt of gratitude due to her has been amply paid by the blessings of her posterity. swerd to join th Pretender:

At Knebworth old Mr. Lytton was engrossed in the composition of no less a work than a drama in Hebrew, which he is said to have burnt in despair because he could not find Jews sufficiently versed in Hebrew to act it. The parallel difficulty of finding an audience sufficiently versed in Hebrew to understand it had apparently not occurred to him. When after a year, Elizabeth insisted upon returning to her mother, the disgusted scholar broke up the house and went to Boulogue. Having muddled away everything else, he sold the plate before he de-

parted:

I suspect it was an heirloom. However, that suspicion, no doubt, never occurred to my grandfather; for he was not more wasteful than he was honest. The plate! If there was a luxurious vanity in the world which more than any other my grandfather was likely to despise, it would be plate. Salvers and caps, the pride of successive generations, were hastily haddled up, and joyously harried of. Among these I must mention, with regret, an article which seems to show that, with rich county gentlemen, there was more luxury of old in this unproductive wealth than our antiquarians would lead us to expect. It was a great table—its age nuknown-of soind silver, slab and legs. Oh, grandfather, grandfather! I have done my pious best to pass lightly over thine errors; but when I think of that table—such a relic of former magnificence—for what you or I know, the gift of some grateful king to wise counsellor or gallaut knight—for sprely no Lytton in his senses would have bought so heavy a gewgaw with his own money—when I think of that table, I say, melted down into vulgar half-crowns and shillings, I declare that my gorge rises, and if my mother could have come into the world without thee, I would as lief thou hadst never been born!

The old gentleman had a great dislike to our here, The old gentleman had a great dislike to our here,

and predicted that "he would break his mother's

heart, and (what was worse) that he would never know his A B C." It has already been remarked abused him. that Edward was detested by his father; and he was distinguished also by the open aversion of his grandmother Lytton. The cause of dislike was the between Mrs. Lytton and her boy is strikingly illus-trated in an unfaished romance, in which the novelist recorded under a thin disguise his early ad-ventures and impressions. The story, entitled "Lionel Hastings," belongs probably to the period between 1840 and 1850, and what exists of it is now printed for the first time. When the boy was between seven and eight years of age, old Mr. Lytton died, and his nonderous library was removed to the house of his daughter. "Behold," writes the antobiographer, "the great event of my infant life my Siege of Troy, my Persian Invasion, my Gallie Revolution—the Arrival of my Grandfather's Books! The learned Deluge flowed into that calm. still world of Home; it mounted the stairs, it rolled on, floor upon floor; the trim face of drawing-rooms vainshed before it; no attic, the loftiest, escaped from the flood. . . . But the grand reservoir, the dining-room; and there, when the flood settled, I rested mine infant ark." How he blundered through strange books, in this delightful disorder, may be inferred from an anecdote: "I remember," he says, "as if it were yesterday, after sitting long, silent and musing, I addressed to my mother the following simple and childlike question:

" · Pray, mamma, are you not sometimes overcome by the sense of your own identity ?"
"My mother looked up at me in amazed alarm. Quoth she, 'It is high time you should go to school,

Teddy.'" He is sure that he understood his own question; and although we cannot believe that any boy ever began a question to his mother with a "Pray, mamma"—one must draw the line of credibility somewhere—we shall not dispute the precedity of this philosopher of seven. Does he not assure us that he was already a votary of Cupid, and that at six he had experienced a rapturous passion which was really love, "just the love the poets sing of"? While a school-boy certainly he was engaged in an affair of the heart which left distinct traces on his sincere record of this episode, and some years after of their parting, as well as the incident (an accident the painful separation in which it ended he made a sentimental journey to the heroine's grave. When we read such fragments as this love story, Bulwer almost seems transfigured with strong and natural feeling. He sketches his various schoolmasters with a lively and not often flattering pen. The only one with whom he got on well was the Rev. Charles Wallington, a very handsome old gentleman, with a Wellington nose and a military bearing:

Wellington nose and a military bearing:

His height varied, growing gradually taller, perhaps, for weeks, and then some morning he appeared at breakfast suddenly shortened by a couple of inches. This arose from a peculiarity in his habits. Not liking new boots (who does?), it was his custom to appropriate to himself the boots of his second son—a handsome man in a crack regiment, who was sure to have boots well made, and who resigned them to his father after they had lost their first uneasy freshness. The son's feet were larger than the sire's; and in order to make the boots fit better, Mr. Wallington senior stuffed them every morning with the letters he had received that day. In those boots he kept the correspondence which a less ingenious man would have devoted to the waste basket. This process went on till the boots could hold no more; they were then suddenly emptied, and Mr. Wallington senior diminished proportionately in stature.

Bulwer went to Cambridge at eighteen. His

Bulwer went to Cambridge at eighteen. His principal companions there were his brother Henry (the celebrated diplomat), Alexander Cockburn (afterward Chief-Justice), and Winthrop Mackworth Praced, of whom he gives some interesting details. He was an active member of the Union Debating Club, where Macaulay was one of the most effective speakers. A speech by Macaulay on the French Revolution he calls the most stirring effort

of the set, along the College Gardens, listening with wonder to that full and opulent converse, startled by knowledge so various, memory so prodigious. That walk left me in a fever of emulation. I shut myself up for many days in intense study, striving to grasp at an equal knowledge: the trophics of Miltindes would not suffer me to sleep." He took his degree in 1825, not trying for honors, but carry mg off the gold medal for an English poem, the sub-

ject being Sculpture. Before leaving Cambridge he had enriched his experience with some vacation adventures, including an encounter with a highwayman, a night in a lonely cottage where an attempt was made to murder him, and an amour with a pretty young gipsy, in whose camp he spent five or six days of romantie dalliance.

One morning she was unusually silent and re-erved. I asked her, repreachfully, why she was so-

One morning she was inusually she had served. I asked her, reproachfully, why she was so cold.

"Tell me," she said abruptly—" tell me truly, do you love me!"
"I do indeed." And so I thought.
"Will you marry me, then!"
"Marry you!" I cried, aghast. "Marry? alas! I would not deceive you—that is impossible."
"I don't mean." cried she impetuously, but not seeming hurt at my refusal, "I don't mean as you mean—marriage according to your fashion: I never thought of that; but marry me as we marry."
"How is that!"
"You will break a piece of burnt earth with me—a tile, for instance—into two halves."
"Well!"
"In grandmother's presence. That will be marry."
"In grandmother's presence. That will be marry."

"Well?"
"In grandmother's presence. That will be marriage. It lasts only five years. It is not long," she said pleadingly. "And if you want to leave me before, how could I stay you?"

Poor dear child!—for child, after all, she was in years and in mind—how charming she looked then!

Alas! I went farther for a wife and fared worse.

It is perhaps owing partly to the obvious study of iterary effect in the account of these incidents that Bulwer, who impressed us for a while as a live man n the Cambridge chapters, now vanishes again into the misty realm of imagination, and leaves one of his book-heroes walking about under his name. But his next adventure, of which the heroine was the celebrated Lady Caroline Lamb (wife of the William Lamb who become Lord Melbourne) i strictly historical, Lady Caroline, who is described by Lord Lytton as "amusing, impulsive, capriciously kind-hearted," and sometimes not quite ane in the excitement of her ardent attachments had outlived her notorious passion for Lord Byron several years, and had not quite reached the point

of separation from her husband, when she fell in

love with Bulwer, who was eighteen years younger

than herself:

Lady Caroline Lamp was then between thirty and forty [she was thrity-line and Bulwer was twenty-one.—id.] but looked much younger than she was; thanks, perhaps, to a slight, rounded figure and a childike mode of wearing her bair (which was of a pale, golden color) in close curbs. She had large lazel eyes, capable of much varied expression, exceedingly good teeth, a pleasant laugh, and a musical intonation of voice, despite a certain artificial drawl, habitual to what was called the Devonshire House Set. Apart from these gifts, she might be considered plain. But she had, to a surpassing degree, the attribute of charm, and never failed to please if she chose to do so. Her powers of conversation were remarkable. In one of Lord Byron's letters to her, which she showed me, he said: "You are the only woman I know who never bored me."

There was, indeed, a wild originality in her talk, combining great and sudden contrasts, from deep pathos to infantine drollery: now sentimental, how shrewd, it sparkled with anecdotes of the great world, and of the eminent persons with whom she had been brought up, or been familiarly intimate; and, ten minutes after, it became gravely eloquent with religious enthusiasm, or shot off into metaphysical speculations—sometimes absurd, sometimes profound—generally suggestive and interesting. A creature of caprice and impulse and whim, her manner, her talk and her character shifted their colors as rapidly as those of a chameleon. She has sent her page the round of her guests at 3 o'check in the morting, with a message that she was playing the organ that steod on the staircase at Brocket, and herged the favor of their conffany to hear her. Strange to say, it was a summons generally obeyed, and those who obeyed did not regret the loss of their than herself: Lady Caroline Lamp was then between thirty and

segged the layer of their confrant to hear her. Strange to say, it was a summons generally obeyed, and those who obeyed did not regret the loss of their sleep; for when the andience had assembled, she soon relinquished the solenn keys of the organ, and her talk would be so brilliant and amusing that the dawn found one still listening, spellbound, without a thought of bed.

She interested me chiefly, however, by her re-She interested me chiefly, however, by her recollections and graphic descriptions of Byron; with
whom her intimacy had lasted during the three most
brilliant years of his life in England, and whom,
when they had fiercel, quarrelled, she had depicted
in a wild romance, "Glenarvon," as a beautiful
monster—half demon, and yet demi-god. He
never forgavent, though he ought to have been flattered, for it represented him very much as during
the zenith of his social fashion, he had wished the femade part of the world to believe him. At the time
I now speak of there was no bitterness in her talk of I now speak of there was no bitterness in her talk of him, and, whatever faults she found in his char-acter, she fired up in his defence if any one clse abused him.

One day, on arriving at Brocket, Bulwer found that he had been supplanted by a Mr. Russell, a natural son of the Duke of Bedford. The conclusion

is told in a letter to an intimate friend:

I said to her, when we were all going to bed, "I go to-morrow before you are up. Good-by." She sent to my room a short note about 9 o'clock next morning, imploring me not to go till I had seen her. I went to her room. She entreated me to forgive her, threw her arms about me, and cried. Of course she persuaded me to stay. We rode out. R, went with us. Although she certainly did not try to make me jealous, I soon saw that she left for him that love of the imagination which she had telt before for me. She could not help liking me still in an affectionate way; but he was the idol of the moment. I was miserable. I left her before she got home and repaired to my room. You know my stormy paroxysms when I am violently affected. I was in one of these when she came into my room. She implored me not to give way to my passions, and not to be decrived. I said to her: "I will believe you, and be it will you by being st." She would not answer me. She said that she had known Mr. R, for a very long time, and had once felt a love for him, but not the sort of love she felt for me. I was, she said, in all respects more worthy of her affections. I went down-stairs. Russeli mat opposite me. He wore a ring. It was one which Lord Byron had given Lady Caroline; one which was only to be worn by those she loved. I had often worn it myself. She had wanted me to accept it, but I would not, becames it was so costly. And now he wore it. Can you conceive my resentment, my wretchedness? After donner I threw myself upon the sofa. Music was playing. Lady Caroline came to me. "Are you mad?" said she. I looked up. The tears stood in my eyes, I could not have spoken a word for the world. What do you think she said aloud? "Don't play this melancholy air—it affects Mr. Bulwer so that he is actually weeping." My lears, my softness, my lore, were over in a moment, I sprang up, langhed, talked, and was the life of the company. But when we broke up for the evening I went to her, and said: "Farewell forever. It

He did not forget the affair. He used it as literary hitherto unpublished fictions, and the circumstance at a race) which led to their acquaintance, are told There is a reference to the husband at the close of the letter just cited. "Lamb, by-the-byc, was par-ticularly kind to me. I think he saw my feelings. He is a singularly fine character for a man of the world."

It must be acknowledged that our young gentle-man had lost no time in fitting himself for the position to which Thackeray soon afterward assigned him, as the "father of the new lusus natura school"; and having made a visit to France, where he was promptly implicated as second in a duel, and as principal in an abortive matrimonial project, he was qualified to describe the "Adventures of a Gen-tleman" with that light and sparkling manner, that wealth of learned allusion, that Byronic sentiment and that topsy-turvy morality, which distinguish his earlier novels. He had already published a few verses, besides beginning "Pelham"; and here, at the dawn of his literary career, we leave him cultivating Melancholy, with a large M, in the gardens

New Publications.

BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

GEO. J. COOMBES, No. 5 East 17th-st., New-York, Has an extremely choice assortment of BOOKS in sets or single volumes, satisfies for CHRISTMAS and NEW-YEAR PRESENTS, ILLUSTRATED WORKS in every variety and valuable celection of RARE ENGLISH and FRENCH BOOKS in elegant bindings, &c., &c. Open evalume until 10 o'clock. A new catalogue of rare and curious econd-hand Books, just published, will be sent to any address, post free, on application.

GEO. J. COOMBES, No. 5 East 17th-st.

New Unblications.

NOW READY. Uniform with the " Prose Writings." POEMS BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Cabinet Edition,
Complete in Two Volumes. Price \$3 50.
Vol. 1. Narrative, Early and Sonnets. Vol. 2. Lyric Dramatic, and Elegisc. s some of the wisest and most melodious verses that this age has produced. Athenæum. "These two volumes are books for companiouship in the bes

Uniform with the above, 7 vols , in box, \$10 50. THE PROSE WORKS.

NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF "CARROTS," ETC TWO LITTLE WAIFS,

By MRS. MOLESWORTH, Author of "Carrots," "Cuckoo Clock," etc. With Illustrations by Walter Crane.

16mo, \$1.25.
"Mrs. Molesworth's delightful story will charm all the small people who find it in their stockings. It relates the adventures of two lovable English children lost in Paris, and it is just wonderful en such to pleasantly wring the youthful heart."-New York Tribune. "It is among the very dantiest of juvenile books that the sea son has as yet called forth, and its pathos and humor are

equally delightful. The refined tone and the tender sympathy with the feelings and sentiments of childhood lend it a special and ever-abiding charm."—[Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

A New Book by the author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," etc. RHYME! AND REASON!

> LEWIS CARROLL. With Sixty-five Illustrations by ARTHUR R. FROST. and nine by HENRY HOLIDAY. 12mo, Extra, Gilt, \$1 50.

PRICE, \$1.50. A year's subscription to THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. A WELCOME HOLIDAY PRESENT. THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED

MAGAZINE.

Yearly subscription, \$1 50. The ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE is designed for the entertainment of the home, and for the instruction and amusement of young and old, and it will be conducted in the belief that every section of its readers, in whatever direction their tastes and interests may tend, are prepared to demans and to appreciate the best that can be offered to them.

Nos. 1 to 3 now ready. Yearly subscription, \$1 50. The January Number of THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Will contain an article by Mr. Henry James on Matthew | .. A MAGNIFICENT BOOK." Arnold, with a portrait.

Among contributors to the numbers already issued may be named William Black, T. H. Huxley, A. C. Swinburne, J. H. Shorthouse, J. Comyns Carr, Austin Dobson, Gran Allen, and C. M. Yonge.

The prominent place assigned to illustration in THE ENGLISH HLLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Will demand the exercise of special care in the preparation of the engravings, and in this department no pains will be spared to secure satisfactory results.

Single numbers, 15 cents; yearly subscription, \$1.50

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER'S NEW BOOK FOR BOYS TRUE TALES FOR MY GRANDSONS. By SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER , F. R. S., Author of "Cast up by the Sea," &c. & WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

EY W. J. HENNESSY. 12mo. Cloth extra, \$1.50.

"He has made a book which ourfit to interest all wholesome minded young fellows."—[New-York Tribune. "Among the select few of the best juverile books of the year."—[Neston Evening Traveller. "Here are memorable episodes of war, hunting and travel

in strange lands and voyages in remote seas, and the recitar will give the youthful anditors a royal treat for the long winter eventage."-[Home Journal. Will be enjoyed by hundreds of readers, who may be sure that it is true to what it professes to describe."-[Mail and

> MACMILLAN & CO., New-York., 112 FOURTH AVENUE.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New-York,

HOWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON: his Life, Let-ters and Literary Remains. By his Son, the Earl of Lytton ("Owen Meredith"). Part 1. Autobiography. 4to, Paper, 20 cents. No. 352 in Harper's Franklin Square Library.

(Library Edition nearly ready.) -

Paper, 15 cents. No. 351 in Harper's Franklin Square

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, LATEST ISSUES:

 341. An Autobiography
 Ey Anthony Trollope
 20

 342. All in a Garden Fair.
 A Novel.
 By Walter Besant
 20

 343. A Noble Wife.
 A Novel.
 By John Sannders
 20

 344. Under the Red Flag.
 A Novel.
 By Miss Bradden
 15

 245. Mark of Athens.
 A Novel.
 By Justin McCarthy
 20

 346. Ione Stewart.
 A Novel.
 By E. Lynn Linton
 20

 347. Adrian Bright.
 A Novel.
 By Mrs. Caddy
 20

 348. Expendition
 A Novel.
 By E. Eranellion
 15

F HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United

DON'T FAIL TO GET IT.

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

FROM THE EARLIEST RECORDS TO THE PRESEN TIME.

By Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, Editor of the Magazine of America History. "UNIQUE, ADMIRABLE AND COMPLETE."-Georg

"CHEAP AT ANY PRICE."—Hon. Thurlow Weed.

"SHOULD BE IN THE POSSESSION OF EVERY NEW YORK FAMILY."-Ibustrated Christian Weekly. "GOES INTO ALL THE GOSSIPY AND DELIGHT-FUL DETAILS OF THE PAST."-Journal of Commerce.

1,630 PAGES. 350 ILLUSTRATIONS. ROYAL Svo PRICES, \$16, \$20, \$22, \$24, \$30.

SUBMITTED FOR EXAMINATION, OR DELIVERED PREE TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE BY THE PUBLISHERS.

A. S. BARNES & CO., 111 AND 113 WILLIAM STREET, NEW-YORK. MY SPECIALTIES FOR THE HOLIDAYS REASONABLE PRICES. My Christmas Cards and Fine Stationery, having been s lected with care, are the finest in the city.

HENRY MILLER,

Bookseller, Stationer, and Importer,
16 West 14th-st., near oth-ave.

MUSICAL.

MUSICAL LITERATURE IN ALL STYLES OF BINDING. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT ALL PRICES. A SPECIALTY IN BANJOS AND GUITARS. DITSON & CO., 867 Broadway (18th st.) PROPER PRIDE.

A FASCINATING STORY OF CAVALRY LIFE IN AND TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE IN ENGLAND THE TRIBUNE, NEW-YORK.

New Dublications.

HAVE YOU SEEN A COPY?

IF NOT-WHY NOT! WHATS THE USE OF MEDICINE! WHEN A SINGLE COPY OF

"THE WEEKLY CALL"

WILL DRIVE AWAY THE BLUES, BY PROMOTING APPETITE AND DIGESTION.

There is no paper so good for Indigestion, Heartburn, Nan ses, Neuralgia, Malaria, Headache, Heartache, Backache and every other ache, as "THE WEEKLY CALL." It is full of Laughter is the cheapest medicine. A jest does more good than a pill any day. Fun makes fat. A smile is better than a sigh. You can trust every man who laughs as far as you see him! but for a small amount.

Buy "THE WEEKLY CALL" if you want to read the best Family Paper in the world. It will pay you 52 per cent dividends every year. It has not only lots of fun, but is full of everything that can entertain and instruct an intelligen household. It is the genius of journalism.

If you buy No. 2 of "THE WEEKLY CALL," ready for sale by all newsdealers, Saturday, December 22, you will get with it, free, a handsome picture worth 15 cents in any art store. But the picture and the paper will together cost you only 5 cents. Your newsdealer has this picture now on exhibition. Ask him to show it to you, and also ask him to give yo a copy of "THE WEEKLY CALL" No. 1. He had a lot of copy of "THE WEEKLY CALL" No. 1.

But don't fail to order from him a copy of "THE WEEKLY CALL" No. 2, with its gift picture-"My Rig Brother." This picture, picely framed, would make the prettiest Christmas Present you could buy for five times the money. It's a ger for five cents. We know it, and you'll say so when you see it

ROBERT S. DAVIS.

Proprietor of "The Weekly Call,"

Philadelphia, Penn.

THE PEOPLE'S CYCLOPEDIA UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE! 50,000 Copies sold in two years. Nothing excild be more desirable for a HOLIDAY PRESENT.

To show the great merit of this work it was adopted by nanimons vote for use in the public schools of Brooklyn, and over then 2,000 School Beards have followed the example of Brooklyn, and over 10,000 Teachers have subscribed for it. Every child attending school should own a copy of thi ork, and no more useful book can be placed upon the library

Send a postal card to the undersigned, and specime will be sent promptly. Or, if you desire it, one of our agents will call on you and show you the book.

SOLD ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS. Address PHILLIPS & HUNT, Publishers, 805 Broadway, New-York. Or BRYAN, TAYLOR & CO., General Agents,

BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOOKS.

DORE ILLUSTRATIONS.

DANTE'S PURGATORY AND PARADISE, with 60 full-page illustrations. Extra cloth, full gilt, \$6 Morocco, \$10.

DANTE'S INFERNO, with 75 full-page illustrations. Extra cloth, full gilt, \$6

Full Morocco, \$10. MILTON'S PARADISE LOST,

with 50 full-page illustrations. Extra cloth, full gilt, \$6 THE BIBLE GALLERY, with 100 full-page illustrations. Extra cloth, full gilt, \$6;

BIBLE SCENES AND STORIES FOR YOUNG FOLKS,

HENRY MILLER,

NO. 16 WEST 14TH-ST., NEW-YORK. "THE BOOK IS OUR IDEAL OF A CHRISTMAS SOUVENIR."-HARPER'S MAGAZINE

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

ROBIN HOOD, OF GREAT RENOWN IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD PYLE,

thor's designs. \$4.50. For sale by all booksellers CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, 743 and 745 Broadway, New-York.

Instruction.

For Boys and Young Men---City. -CIRCULARS OF BEST SCHOOLS

free to parents. Please give particulars. E. MIRIAM
PARIERE & CO., SI East Prinsk, Union square.

COLLEGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,

No. 15 East 49th-at.

FRANK DRISLER, A. M., Principal.

Reopena Wednesday, Sept. 26. For circulars, etc., apply at the school, or to Prof. HENRY DRISLER, 48 West 46th-st. Columbia Institute, 106 West 42d-st., E. Fow-ler, A. B., Prin.; Mariborough Churchill, Ir., M. A., Head-master, Collegiate, Business and Prim Depts. Reopens Sept. 26 CHARLIER INSTITUTE.

108 West 59th-et., opposite Central Park, BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL for boys and youths, from seven to twenty. THE NEW-YORK LATIN SCHOOL, No. 8

East 47th-st., reopens Monday, September 24. One bearding pupil. Send for circular. V. DABNEY, Principal.

THE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, No. 721

Madison-ave, near 54th-st., Dr. H. B. CHAPIN, Principal. English, classical and primary departments. Gymnasium. New building, complete in its appointments. The 64th school year just begun. UNIVERSITY GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 3,481 Broadway, near 42d-st.; 47th year. Primary, Commercial and Chasical Dep'ts. M. M. HOBBY, W. L. ARIN, Principle

For Young Ladies—City.

MESDEMOISELLES CHARBONNIER'S
Ladies, 36 East 35th-st., New-York (formerly in Paris), will
re-open Monday, October 1. Thorough course in all English
branches. For Both Sexes-City.

FRIENDS' SEMINARY, for both sexes, East 16th-st, and Rutherford-place. Kindergarten, primary, academic and collegiate classes.

BENJAMIN SMITH, M. A., Principal. THE MISSES LEEDS'S ENGLISH and FRENCH BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL for young ladles and children. 21 East 120th-st.

For Young Ladies—Country.

BORDENTOWN, N. J.—Female College;
beautifully lecuted; very healthful and thorough. Superior Music and Ary Departments. For Circuia, &c., address
flev. WM. C. BOWEN, A. M., Preddent. MISS AIKEN'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL for young ladies, Stanford, Conn., reopons Sept. 26. For particulars address MISS C. AIKEN. M ISS NOTT'S English and French Family and Day School for Young Ladies, 33 Wall-st., New-Haven, Conn. The 11th year begins Thursday, September 20. Circulars seat upon application. THE ELMS.—Family and day school for GIRLS. No. 141 Huthest, Springdeld, Mass. For circulars address the Principals, Misses PORTER & CHAMPNEY. Instruction.

Art Schools—City.

MRS. LOUISA B. CULVER will receive pupils beginning Tuesday Oct. 16, in DRAWING, OIL and WALTER COLOR PAINTING, STILL LIFE, FLOWERS and LANDSCAPE, CHINA PAINTING and DECORATION.

STUDIO, NO. 80 MADJAGON.AVE.
References:

Mr. D. HUNTINGTON, Mr. WILLIAM HART, Mr. Musical, NEW-YORK CONSERVATORY of MUSIC.— 5 EAST 14TH-ST., Third door east of 5TH-AVE. Incorporated 1865.

For Boys and Young Men-Country. BOYS and YOUNG MEN privately fitted for college, Conditioned or rejected candidates concled, summer or winter. Stockbridge, Mass. F. HOFFMANN. DORDENTOWN, N. J.—Military Institute. Prepares for College or Business. Finely located, health-ful and thorough. For circulars, &c., address Rev. WM. C. BOWEN, A. M., Principal. COTTAGE HILL SCHOOL, POUGHKEEP-SIE, N. Y., prepares Boys for College, Scientific and Government School and for Business. JOHN MILEY, COLLEGIATE AND COMMERCIAL INSTI-

tute, New-Haven, Preparatory to College, the Scientific, Naval and Military Schools, and Business, with a Boarding Department, Military organization and Drilling, and ample arrangements for athletic games, rowing, skating, swimming, etc. William H. RUSSELI, Principal. FREEHOLD INSTITUTE, Freehold, N. J.-

HIGHLAND MILITARY ACADEMY.
Worcester, Mass.; 28th year. For full information apply to C. B. METCALF, A. M., Superintendent. MT. PLEASANT MILITARY ACADEMY. HANDSOME EQUIPMENT, SUPERIOR INSTRUCTORS-Full courses of study in the Classics, Modern Language, Mathematics and Physics, Special attention paid to the Elemen-tary Branches and the study of the English Linguage. This well-known Military Boarding School, now in its fitty-flav year, will reopen on January 7. Address; J. HOWE ALLEN, Principal, Sing Sing, N. Y.

PEEKSKILL (N. Y.) Military Academy.—For circulars address Col. C. J. WRIGHT, A. M., Principal. PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY,
Chester. 22d year. Degrees conferred.
Col. THEO. HYATT, President. RYE, N. Y.—Bradford Mansion School, Win-ter term will begin Nov. 23. C. J. COLLINS, Principal,

S.T. AUSTIN'S SCHOOL, Staten Island, Rector P.Rev. Alfred G. Morthner (University of London), Assist-ant Masters Rev. G. E. Crauston (Brown's), Rev. E. S. Lás-siter (Princeton), W. S. Wylie (Harvard), and others. There will be unexpected vacancies for two boarders at Christmas. For information address Rev. A. G. Mortimer, West Brighton, Staten Island. Staten Island.

SWITHEN C. SHORTLIDGE'S MEDIA
ACADEMY, Media, Penn., for young men and boys, has just
added 20 new rooms. Students admitted and classified at any
time. All pupils board with the principal. 15 instructors,
special attenuou to both advanced and backward pupils.
School opens, after the boildays, Jan. 34. Fixed privers
every extense, even books, 2c. Address SWITHIN C.
SHORTLIDGE. A. M. (Harvard College graduate), Media,
Penn.

Dancing Academies.

ALLEN DODWORTH, No. 681 Fifth-ave. CLASSES AND PRIVATE LESSONS IN DANCING.

A LEX. MACGREGORS, 112 FIFTH-AVE.—
Private lessons any hour; classes every day; gentlemen's classes Monday and Tuesday evenings, particulars see
circular. MR. P. HARVARD REILLY, 578 5th-ave., has returned from Europe. For terms, &c., apply at

Ocean Steamers

A MERICANS going abroad and desiring precious stones, choice jewelry, bronzes, or the latest novelities, are invited to visit our Faris store. No. 37 Avenue de l'Opera, adjoining Hotel Bellevue.

HOWARD & COMPANY, HOWARD & COMPANY, OF Pitth Avenue, New-York, A NCHOR LINE. U. S. Mail Steamships.

ANCHOR LINE. U. S. Mail Steamships.
sail from New-York every Saturday for
GLASGOW via LONDÓNDERRIY.
From Pier 20, North River.
ETHIOPIA. Dec. 22, noon. | hELDIRAVIA. Jan. 5, 10 a.m.
FURNISHA. Dec. 29, 4 p. m. | BOLIVIA. ... Jan. 12, 5 a.m.
Cain passage, 60 to 850. Second cabin, \$40.
Steerage outward, \$23: prepaid, \$21.
Anchor Line Drafts issued at lowest rates are paid free of charge in England, Scotland and Ireland.
For passage, Cabin Plans, Book of Tours, &c., apply to
HENDERSON BROTHERS, 7 Bowling Green.

BORDEAUX LINE. DORDEAUX LINE,
New and direct line to the South of France,
New And BORDEAUX DIRECT.
SS. CHATEAU LEOVILLE (1990 tons), Weinesday, Jan. 19
SS. CHATEAU MARGAU (not. 2000 tons), Pebruary
From Frantice Margau (1990 tons), Pebruary
From France, Spain and Italy, Fyreness, Pau
Nice, Sc., vill save time and expense by taking this line.
(abin (including wine), SSO. Steerage, \$25.
For passage apply to F. LE BOULANGER, 46 Beaver-st.

CUNARD LINE.

FROM NEWYORK TO LIVERPOOL VIA QUEENSTOWN.

FROM PIER NO. 40 NORTH RIVER.

BOTHNIA Wednesday, Dec. 25, 2 p. m.
PAVONIA Wednesday, Jan. 2, 7:30 a. m.
GALLIA Wednesday, Jan. 2, 2 p. m.
SCYTHIA Wednesday, Jan. 16, 8 a. m.
Cabin passage, \$40, \$80 and \$100.

Steerage tickets to and from all parts of Europe at very low rates. Freight and passage office, No. 4 Bowling Green.

VERNON H., BROWN & CO., Agenta. GENERAL TRANSATLANTIC COMPANY CENERAL TRANSATLANTIC COMPANIA

Between New York and Havre.
Company's pier (new). No. 42 North thiver, foot of Morton-st,
Traveliers by this line avoid both transit by English railway
and the discountort of crossing the Channel in a small boat;
Special frain leaving the company's dock at Havre direct for
Parts on arrival of steamers. Baggage checked at New-York
though to Parts.

Wed. Dec. 26, 3 p. me
AMERIQUE, Santelli. Wed. Jan. 2, 3 a. m;
AMERIQUE, Santelli. Wednesday, Jan. 9, 3, p. me
Checks payable at sight, in amounts to suif, on the Banque
Transatiantique of Parts.

For freight and passage apply to LOUIS DE BEBIAN, Agent, No. 6, Bowling Green.

GUION LINE.

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS
FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.

Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of Kingest.

ARIZONA (Leaving Pier 38, N. R., foot of King INMAN ROYAL MAIL LINE STEAMERS
FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.
CITY OF BERLIN. Saturday, Dec. 29, 2 p. m.,
CITY OF MONTREAL. Thursday, Jan. 3, 830 p. m.,
CITY OF (HESTER Saturday, Jan. 12, 5 a. m.)
From Pier 36 (new number), North River.
CABIN PASSAGE, 560, \$80 and \$100. Intermediate \$40,
STEERAGE, from the Old Country, \$21; from New-York;
\$28.

For passage, &c., apply to the INMAN STEAMSHIP CO., Limited, 31 and 33 Broadway, N. Y. Philadelphia Office, No. 105 South-st.

way, N.Y.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S
LINE FOR CALIFORNIA, SANDWICH ISLANDS,
JAPAN, CHINA, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA, CENTRAL and SOUTH AMERICA and MEXICO.
From New York, pier fool Canal-st., N. R.
For San Francisco, via the 1sthmus of Panams,
ACAPULCO sails Monday, Dec. 31, noon,
connecting for Central and South America and Mexico.
From San Francisco, 1st and Branan sts.
CITY OF RIO JANEIRO Sails Wednesday, Jan. 9, noon,
Excursion Tickels between San Francisco and Yokohama alSpecial rates.
For HONOLULU, NEW-ZEALAND and AUSTRALIA,
ZEALANDIA Sails Friday, Jan. 18.
on arrival of London mails at San Francisco.
For freigh, passace and general information, apply at come
pany's office on the pier, foot Canal-st., N. R.
H. J. BULLAY, Superintendent.

RED STAR LINE.—For Antwerp and Paris.

Salling from New-York and Antwerp every Saturday
PEN LAND.—Saturday, December 29 5 a. m.

Sationa, Staterooms, smoking and bathrooms amidships.

Sationa, Staterooms, smoking and bathrooms amidships.

Sationa, \$40 to \$75; excursion, \$10 to \$125. Second cabin,
\$55; excursion, \$100, steerage, outward, \$26; prepaid, \$20;
excursion, \$43 00.

PETER WRIGHT & SONS, General Agents, 55 Broadway.

UNITED STATES AND GERMAN MAIL
SEMI-WEEKLY STEAMERS.—Hamburg-American
Packet Company's Line for PLYMOUTH (London and Parts),
and HAMBURG. Saturday steamers to Hamburg direct.
GELLEKT.—Thurs. Dec. 20, MRAETIA.—Thurs. Dec. 27
BOHEMIA.....Sat. Dec. 22 WIELAND.,—Thurs. Jan. 8
Rates: Pirst Cabin, 565 and \$70: Steerage, \$.0 Prepaid
steerage tickets, \$2.0. Excursion rates greatly reduced. Send
for "Tourist Gasarte."
KUNHARDT & CO., Gen. Agts., No. 61 Broad-st., N. Y.
O. B. RICHARD & CO., Gen. Pass. Agts., 61 B'way, N. Y.
WINTER RESORTS.

WINTER RESORTS.
GRAND EXCURSIONS. ATLAS LINE OF MAIL STEAMERS.

For BAHAMAS, JAMAICA, HAYTI, PORTO RIOO, COLOMBIA, ISTHMUS OF PANAMA and NICARAGUAT Tournate are invited to avail of these trips, which they can make on any ronte taken by the Company's Steamers, at the extreme low price of \$5 per day, which includes all privileges and living on board the whole time, or passengers desiring to change their route may transfer to any other passenger steamer of the line they may meet on the voyage. For passage apply to